

## THE LOOM OF LIFE.

J. B. SALISBURY.

The loom of life with sturdy beat—  
The tramp, tramp, tramp of human feet—  
In weaving now a silver veil,  
A fading web, so fair, so frail,  
The every thread is dearly bought—  
A feeling gone for human thought—  
The warp was drawn when pouring stars  
Attended their harp to golden bars,  
Which echoed down the hills of space,  
And came and went, with sudden grace,  
Joined in the song, piercing the air  
With darts of tone. Two music rare  
As 'twere the lines of quivering light,  
That chased away the gloom of night,  
There hung as jewels there and long  
The swaying tentacles of song,  
Softly thronged, the strong and sturdy beam,  
Held fast the threads of light and gleam,  
And souls slipped down the golden way  
To rest with forms of mortal clay.  
HARRIS CENTER, N. Y.

## A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

BY C. F. CARTER.



WITHIN the grimy corner that served for a telegraph office in the Warren Depot, one stormy November evening, a rosy-cheeked girl sat at a table receiving a message. Her task finished, she tossed her pen aside, and looking out at the dripping landscape, exclaimed impatiently:

"Dear me, isn't this awful! I do wish that poky old Ironsides would come and relieve me. It will soon be dark, and then how will I ever get home through those oceans of mud?"

A solemn-looking young man, who had been furtively watching the operator's every movement, shifted his elbow into a more comfortable position upon the high counter and declared that was a hard one.

"Thank goodness," resumed the girl, "I haven't far to go. I'm glad I'm not a brakeman, obliged to be out in this storm all night. You don't have to go

As soon as Ironsides made his tardy appearance Dora had encased herself in waterproof and rubbers, and, accompanied by Jack Bronson, started home. Jack was not at all pleased with the scene he had witnessed upon entering the telegraph office, and determined to intimate to Dora that the frequent presence of that brakeman in the telegraph office was very distasteful to him; but Dora prattled on so prettily that he hadn't the heart to chide her. By the time they had reached the Cheney mansion and were seated before a bright fire, he had nearly made up his mind to let the matter go, when, by a happy inspiration, he saw an easy way out of the difficulty.

"Dora," said he, suddenly, "will you marry me?"

Dora was so startled by this abrupt question that she was unable to reply for a moment, and Jack, remembering the old adage that "silence gives consent," concluded she was too much overcome with emotion to speak, and so put his arm around her waist reassuringly.

"Mr. Bronson," said Dora, rising to her feet, "I am very sorry. I never meant to encourage you to think we could ever be more than friends."

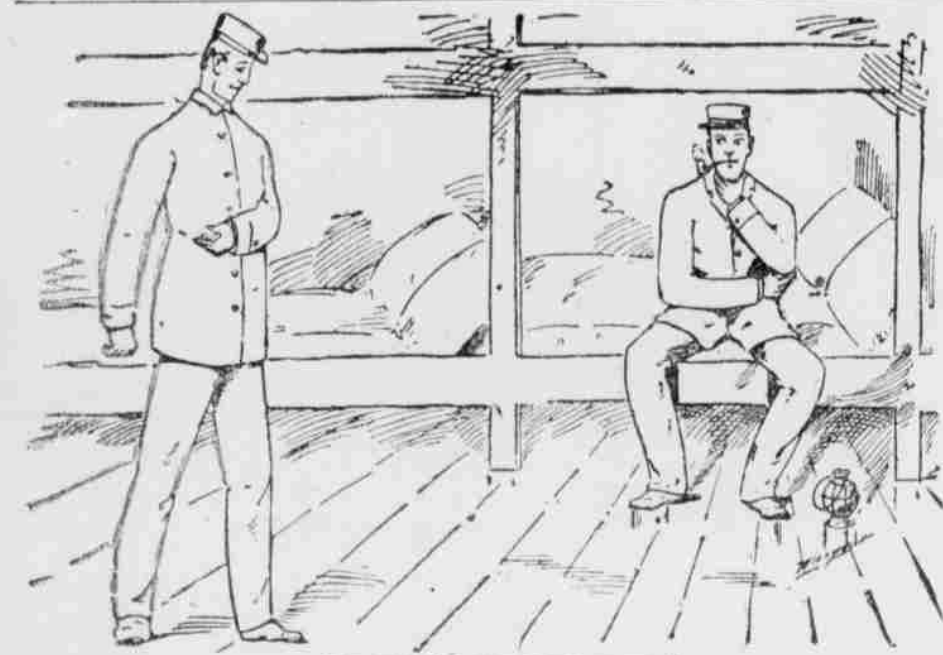
Jack was completely overwhelmed by this unexpected reply. He, too, rose to his feet.

"I suppose from that that some one else has won your affections?"

Dora made no reply.

"Then," continued Jack, in the most sarcastic tone he could command, "I am sure I wish you much joy, but I must confess I am a little surprised at your choice." And he walked majestically forth, slamming the door as he went, leaving Dora standing in the middle of the floor, speechless with indignation.

Not until he had nearly reached the end of his run that night had Jack passed through successive stages of anger, disappointment and chagrin and



LOOK HIM! I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!

out to-night, do you, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Yes, we're marked out on number nine."

"That's so; I remember taking the order, now. You're to have the 242. That's Jack Bronson's engine, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, in such a dry tone that the operator turned with an amused smile and said:

"I don't believe you love your neighbor Bronson as yourself."

"Can't say that I do," replied the young man. Then, as though moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped to the side of the rosy-cheeked operator, and, bending down until his mustache almost brushed her ear, exclaimed:

"Dora—Miss Cheney, I mean—I can't bear to see you treat that Jack Bronson just as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, for I love you, Dora."

"Do sit down, Mr. Dunlap," said Dora. "Some one will come in. This is so very unexpected, and besides, you know, I'm already— Good-evening, Mr. Bronson!"

The door had suddenly opened, revealing the astonished faces of Jack Bronson and Ironsides, the night supervisor.

"Charley," said Ironsides, as he stepped in and shook the water from his dripping hat, "I saw yer partner, Shanty, as I came along, and he told me to tell you to come down to the car."

Charley pulled his cap over his eyes and hurried out, wild with mortification and despair. So they were already engaged, were they? He turned toward the river, with a vague notion of throwing himself into its turbid waters, but changed his mind and started back to his way car. Reaching the car, he bolted in and flung himself upon a seater with a dismal groan.

Shanty was lying upon his back on the opposite side of the car, smoking vigorously. He was a man who never troubled himself about the affairs of others; but the conduct of his partner was so extraordinary that he stopped smoking, raised himself upon his elbow, and, after gazing a moment in speechless wonder, inquired:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'."

"Got the colic?"

"No—oh, no."

"Well, what in thunder does ail ye?"

"Are you a friend of mine?" asked Charley, impressively, suddenly starting up.

Shanty's only answer was a look of astonishment.

"You see," went on Charley, "I told Dora I loved her—I mean—Jack Bronson—confound it, they're going to be married," he concluded, in desperation.

"Well, you—ere—a dandy," drawled Shanty, in a tone of withering contempt. "D'n't mean to let that dinner-table railroad run out ye out like that?"

"How can I help it?"

"Lick him! I'll break him in two. But I'm afraid that won't help the matter any."

Shanty was prevented from expressing his views upon this point by the entrance of the conductor with the announcement that it was leaving time.

each instantly became serenely oblivious of the other's existence.

Upon reaching Mrs. Johnson's boarding house Charley was met at the door by the landlady's daughter, Angelina, her eyes sparkling with the complacent consciousness of interesting and exclusive gossip.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed eagerly, "what do you think? Dora Cheney's gone and married a drummer from Chicago. He's awful handsome, and his name is Harry, and they've been engaged ever so long—say what makes ye look so funny?"

Since Humboldt witnessed fish thrown from the volcano Coquix, in 1803, it has been found that the phenomenon is repeated from time to time during eruptions, and that it occurs also in other volcanoes of the Andes. The fish are sometimes ejected in vast quantities. All belong to one species, which exists in some of the lakes on the sides of the mountains.

The local drinker's hopes are in hope and then are to the breeze.

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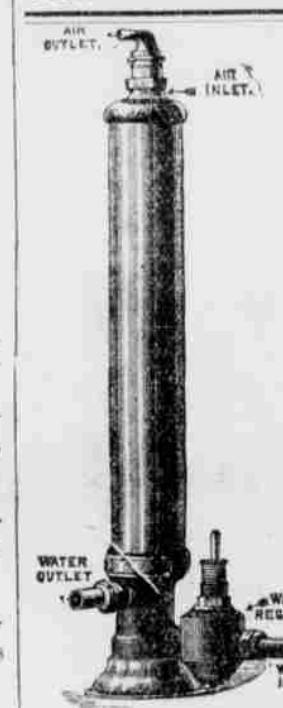
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